THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, May 15, 1809.

Account of a Floating Light, calculated to save the Lives of Persons who have the Misfortune to Fall overboard in the Night from any Ship. Invented by Mr. William Shipley.

MR. SHIPLEY's floating light consists of a hollow vessel of tinned iron plate, made in the form of a boat, 27 inches long, 13 broad in the middle, and 12 deep; from the gunwhale of this boat a handle projects on each side, intended for the man who has fallen into the water to lay hold of, and thus support himself; the buoyancy of the boat being amply sufficient to keep a man from sinking. A frame work and gimbals are affixed above the middle part of the deck of the boat, for the reception of a swinging lanthorn, which is to contain a lamp, and which, by means of the gimbals, will always adjust itself to a position nearly vertical.

It is recommended that this float be placed every night under the care of the officers on watch; that its lamp be frequently trimmed, and supplied with fresh oil, and its wick moistened with oil of turpentine, in order that it may take fire with the least touch of a lamp or candle. When a man falls into the water the lamp is immediately lighted, and the float which carries it is to be let down into the water by a small cord attached to an iron reel; the remainder of the cord is then made fast to the reel, and both thrown into the sea, in order that the weight of the reel may cause the cord to hang vertically, and thus be in no danger of entangling the legs of the unfortunate man. The light will direct him to the float, and as soon as he has reached it, (for it is supposed he can swim) he is to take hold of the handles, and may move it very fast which way he pleases, only by striking his legs in the same

manner he does when he swims. The ship on tacking about is directed by the light to the float; and having come near it, the man is rescued from the watery element by the following process:—

A lanthorn with a rope-ladder is to be let down by a cord from the ship, 'till a cross bar below the lanthorn (but not at the bottom of the ladder) touches the water, which the mariners in the ship may see by means of the light from the bottom of the lanthorn; and thus the man in the water may lay hold of the cross bar, and fix his feet on one of the steps of the rope ladder, when he may lay hold of the iron handle of the float with one hand, and hang it on a hook projecting from the ladder above the cross-bar; which being done, the man and float may be both safely raised into the ship.

Sketches of Holland, under King Louis Napoleon, 1806.

(Concluded from Page 371.)

BY the new constitution, every religious sect is equal in the eye of the law; and their respective ministers are all equally excluded from any of the functions dependant on the government. The provincial synods are nine in number, forming a total of fifty-three classes, to which are attached fifteen hundred and seventy preachers. The Roman Catholics have three hundred churches, which are attended by four hundred priests, without including the conquered countries. The Arminians are spread through the provinces of Guelderland, Holland, Utrecht, and Friesland; this society consists of thirty-four communities, at the head of which are forty-three preachers. The other sects chiefly tolerated in Holland, are the Lutherans, the anabaptists, the Moravian brethren, distinguished by the name of the evangelical fraternity; the Greeks, Armenian Christians, quakers, and the Jews.

Of all the states of Europe, Holland is the one where the Jews have, for a long time back, been admitted to a civil existence; they are divided as elsewhere, into German and Portuguese Jews. The latter are the richest; their manners are more polished, and they are farther removed than the Germans, from the vices and customs with which this nation is reproached in certain parts of Europe. By a decree passed in 1796, the Jews, like the Catholics, have acquired certain political rights. Amsterdam owes a great part of its flourishing situation to the Portuguese Jews; they are looked upon as the most enlightened among the Israelites, and at this day we could enumerate many men of science and learning among them. We shall conclude this passage with a reflection, which Sir William Temple made

on

on Holland—" There may be countries where religion does more good; but I am pretty certain there are none, where it does so little harm."

The Dutch language is a dialect of the German. Though it may appear faulty to strangers, yet it is infinitely more rich in substantives than any other language, ancient or modern, the Greek alone excepted. The whole of the sciences can be expressed in Dutch, without borrowing a single word from the Greek or Latin. The French is, however, so much in use, that all negociations between Holland and other states are carried on in that language, which daily becomes more in use. The French will, most probably, be the principal language of communication with all polished nations, as for a long time was the Latin. The spirit of philosophy which distinguished the eighteenth century, contributed not a little to this. Strangers learned French to read Racine; they will study it to read the Encyclopédie.

While our unhappy emigrants spread our language every where, the French armies penetrated into Italy, Holland, and Germany. They continued there for a long time; they mixed with the people they had conquered; and as the French are not fond of learning strange languages, strangers are obliged to learn their's. Many neighbouring states, owing to the success of our arms, have become French, and our language has therefore become to them a national one. French, English, and German, are most commonly spoken over Holland.

Justice is administered in Holland, as to the civil law, like most other countries; but the criminal jurisprudence does honour to human nature, without encouraging disorders. The Dutch judges never forget that the criminal is a man; as incorruptible as the law, they pronounce with severity, but always with regret. There is no country in Europe where fewer crimes are committed; and justice has rarely occasion to make use of extreme rigour. Continual employment, no doubt, contributes to this preservation of good order, as well as the vigilance of the magistrates. The management of their prisons leaves nothing to wish for; in this instance, Holland offers a most perfect model. There are houses of confinement for every sort of crime. That known by the name of the Werkhuis, at Amsterdam, is a pattern in its way; it is a large building divided into two parts, one of which is called the Rasphius, for the prisoners are employed in rasping dying woods; it serves to employ those who have been guilty of petty crimes; the other, known by the name of the Spinhuis, is appropriated to females of a dissolute and vicious life.

The town of Bergen-op-Zoom contains a prison exclusively reserved for the military, who have been guilty of crimes; they are employed on public works.

Charities are very numerous throughout Batavia. There is not a town which has not its Werkhuis, or its orphan-house; and many villages have them likewise. Several dispensaries have been established, where medicines are distributed gratis to the poor; and there is a central hospital for the vaccine inoculation. Speedy assistance is given to persons found drowned, which, in a country so intersected by water, too frequently happens. In fact, every day gives rise to some institution of public utility. An establishment, destined to the support of disabled seamen, was much wanting in Holland. His majesty, King Louis Napoleon, has lately commanded that a large building, at Delfshaven, on the banks of the Meuse, which formerly belonged to the East-India company, should be appropriated to this most essential purpose.

Fidelity and good faith form the distinguishing characteristic of a Hollander. He is naturally phlegmatic, laborious, and persevering in his resolutions. It is sufficient to look over the annals of the revolution of the united provinces, in order to form a judgment of what a nation is capable of undertaking, which wishes to shake off the yoke of tyranny; and in our own time we have seen the Dutch, united with the French, vying in courage with the latter, to drive from their territory the enemy, who sought to be masters of it. We have beheld the Dutch worthy the descendants of those Batavians, who for a long series of years were the admiration of all Europe. We do not now describe them as a people, in whom avarice has stifled every noble and generous sentiment. We must not, however, confound that economy on which public as well as private fortune depends, with that sordid avarice which destroys every liberal idea.

It is true, however, that the manners of the Dutch are much changed within a century. We do not see them toiling incessantly, with the loss of ease and comfort, to heap up wealth, in order to leave it to their heirs; but it is no less true, that Holland is still the country where luxury has made the least progress. It is but very rare, that their expences can equal their revenue; and when that is the case, the Dutch think the year very badly employed; this mode of living takes away from a man's credit and reputation, as much as a wanton and profuse extravagance does in other parts of Europe. A Dutchman, therefore, is lost in the opinion of the public, when it is known that he has dissipated his fortune, either through unforeseen circumstances, or his own misconduct.

It is to this economy, the Dutch must attribute the beauty and utility of their public works; the multiplicity of bridges, and high roads. This economy enables the community at large to pay the taxes, which by this means are less sensibly felt, than elsewhere. In no country are commercial engagements more religiously

religiously observed, and no where are domestic virtues held in higher estimation. Far from blaming in the Dutch those qualities which they have maintained, even to the very day we write, we should, on the contrary, applaud them for having preserved that spirit of order, which is inseparable from real economy, and render them the justice which is their due.

The French abandon the smiling banks of the Loire and of the Seine, to inhabit those of the Sprée and of the Neva; that is not the case with the Dutchman. He is only happy amidst his shipping and canals; and if, through interested motives, he is induced to leave his native soil, he delights to find in his new country, a similar local situation, and its accustomed habits; it is for this reason that Batavia, from its low, flat, marshy position, makes him forget the immensity of space which divides him from the Texel. "The Dutch," says Monsieur Garrat, in his memoir relative to Holland, "have, I may say, built Holland; they almost appear to say to themselves, What we have done is well."

Bread is not, as in France, the principal food of the people; it constitutes but a small part of their daily wants; a whole Dutch family will not consume in a day as much as a native of the former province of Limousin would scarcely think enough for his subsistence.

Besides the grain of which bread is usually made, the people make use of buck-wheat and barley, whether ground, or whole; of this there is a very great consumption. Potatoes are much cultivated also.

The English custom of eating meat half raw is not adopted in Holland; and they follow the general custom of most nations of Europe, to give it that degree of cookery, necessary to facilitate both mastication and digestion. The Dutch consume a vast quantity of salted meat, which is held in higher estimation than perhaps any where, their mode of curing it being so excellent. The hams of this country, but particularly those of Guelderland, are in high repute among foreigners. They consume large quantities of geese and wild-ducks. Whatever may be the reason, the consumption of flesh-meat by no means equals that of fish, which constitutes a most essential part of their nourishment. In several districts of Holland, the ordinary diet of the people is fish, with the addition of potatoes and flour. Animal food, in general, bears a very high price in Holland.

Beer is the principal drink, but the consumption is much less since the introduction of tea and coffee. If the use of beer, however, has decreased, mead, and other liquors made from honey and sugar, have fallen more into disuse, since the Dutch have found the means of procuring wines at a reasonable

sonable price, which they import from France, Spain, and Germany.

They use great quantities of spirituous liquors, particularly Geneva, which they look upon as a national liquor.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Mr. Hitchins.

THE loss of the late Malachi Hitchins, of St. Hilary, in Cornwall, is, perhaps, more lamented by all denominations of people, than that of any individual of his rank has been for many years, in this country. To all who knew him as a man, a clergyman, or an author, he is the subject of pleasure, and of sorrow; of pleasure, from the recollection of his integrity, Christian simplicity, and genuine benevolence—his pastoral assiduity and sincerity—his genius and his learning; of sorrow, from the sad consideration, that all his good qualities and virtues and talents are now no more, and can hardly be replaced, perhaps, by another!

"That the Rev. Malachi Hitchins, of St. Hilary," said Mr. Polwhele before his death, "is a man of science, is universally acknowledged; and my intimate acquaintance with him enables me to add, that the urbanity of his manners, his friendly disposition, his candour, and modest deportment, contribute not less to the comforts of private life, than his philosophical researches to the public instruction and entertainment. In the Annual Register for 1762 was published an account of a remarkable meteor, as communicated by Mr. Hitchins, who saw it in the December of that year, at Bideford. In the Philosophical Transactions we have several ingenious communications of Mr. Hitchins. And in the present work, I am indebted to him for much information."—See Polwhele's Literary Characters of Cornwall, p. 107.

AMICUS.

(To be continued.)

Letter from a Gentleman resident in the United States of America.

Charlestown, South-Carolina,
1804.

MY DEAR N.

AFTER a very dull and tedious navigation, I landed in Columbia, (the poetical name of America) three weeks ago. As

As I intend staying in this town for some time, I have established myself in a boarding house, according to the custom of the country; for whoever stays even two or three days in a place never thinks of remaining at an inn. The first aspect of this city did not at all coincide with the exalted ideas of American freedom which I had entertained. I had fancied to myself, that I should here see realised, if not the enchanting reveries of a Godwin or Rousseau, at least a very near approximation to them; and that, at last, I was to tread a soil where, in the emphatic language of the poet,

> "Even the meanest boasts his right to scan,
> And learns to venerate himself as man."

Alas! my friend, such a state of exaltation will, I am afraid, never exist beyond the golden dreams of the poet, or the visions of the philosophical enthusiast. Here, as elsewhere, man groans under the oppression of his fellow man; and the laws, made for the common security and independence, never fail to afford to the rich the usual pretexts and subterfuges, and to prove even in his hands only additional chains to rivet more securely his humbler brother.

I landed here on a day when a slave market was held. Judge what an impression such a scene would make on your friend. Figure to yourself some hundreds of those wretches driven about with much less ceremony than cattle at one of our fairs. I was present at several of the sales, or vendues, as they are here called, where the negro is put up to auction, and ordered to exhibit himself, on a sort of stage, in every attitude, that the purchaser may have some idea of the strength of his muscles and of the soundness of his limbs. My compassion was somewhat lessened for the fate of these wretches when I saw them so insensible to it themselves. Never did a dancing-master exhibit himself with more vanity to an admiring assembly than the negroes displayed upon this occasion; they boasted incessantly of the great feats they had done; shewed a thousand little coquetries in setting off their figures to the greatest advantage; and watched the progress of the price that was bid for them with looks of the most sanguine anxiety. They could not have displayed more, had they been to pocket the price themselves. And when one of them happened to sell for some twenty shillings more than his fellows, his joy could not be contained, but broke out in the wildest capers and freaks. At first this amused me, but at last I was affected with far other feelings. Alas! said I, and is this man of the same species with myself? Lies there dormant in such a being the seeds of qualities that might one day expand into the sublime virtues of a Brutus or Hampden, or the gigantic talents of a

Cicero or Chatham? in a being who is even devoid of penetration enough to discover a glimpse of his degradation, and in the extremity of misery, in the very scourge of his oppressor, finds an object of the liveliest gratulation?

I have already witnessed numberless instances of oppression of which I had not before even a conception. Every day brings shiploads of poor Germans and other foreigners, who are not in a much better situation than the negroes. Induced by the most barefaced falsehoods, carefully circulated in the countries which they left, to venture within the talons of an American shipmaster, he gets them bound over by a deed in the English language, to which they are strangers, and of which deed the terms are interpreted to them at pleasure; and they are astonished, on reaching the place of their destination, to find themselves fettered often for the most valuable part of their life, and sold by the shipmaster to the first tyrant who will come up to his price. All this is done in the most legal manner possible. All this is done, my friend, too, in a country where the sacred name of liberty is echoed from mouth to mouth, and where the fermentations of their contending parties amount almost to frenzy.

I have been already a good deal astonished at the eloquence displayed here by people who have very slight pretensions to literature indeed. They do not seem to know much more than the politics of the day; but then every American is fully versant in them. If the American does not know much, I observed he is never at a loss in communicating what he does know. They are trained to disputation from their infancy. This has its inconveniencies too, and I have more than once cursed their loquacity.

In the house where I stay, there are a good many English and French; but, although we all sit at the same table, we do by no means amalgamate. The Frenchman and Englishman are beings of quite a distinct species. We, Englishmen, hate the French most cordially, and they are not behind hand in their dislike to us. Whenever the cloth is removed, John Bull sets to his Madeira, which he seldom leaves 'till he has got a good belly full; but after two or three glasses, the Frenchman retires to another table, and soon becomes impatient for his *caffe*, not failing at intervals to cast many an ironical grin and half concealed sneer at the boisterous savages in the other corner of the room. When both parties rejoin the ladies, the French throw out many a hint that the English are drunk, and insinuate to the ladies that they are by this time incapable of acting with propriety. So much of this, however, is done by looks and grimaces, that we can hardly find a pretence for an open quarrel with them; but we can easily see nevertheless into their sentiments.

Sketch of the Life of the late General Anstruther.

THIS meritorious officer was the eldest son of Sir Robert Anstruther, bart. of Belcaskie, in Fifeshire.

After having been educated at Westminster school, he was sent to Strasburgh to study the principles of the profession for which he was destined, and of which he afterwards proved so distinguished an ornament.

Having acquired a profound knowledge of military science, and a great perfection in writing and speaking the French language, he proceeded to Berlin, with a view of becoming acquainted with the discipline of the Great Frederick, and of making himself master of the manœuvres and administration of a large army. His residence in Prussia, while it enabled him to attain the laudable objects he had in view, afforded him an opportunity of acquiring the German language, which he understood thoroughly, and of which he made himself perfect master.

On his return to England, he obtained a commission in the 3d regiment of guards, in which he held the rank of lieutenant-colonel at the time of his death.

After serving during the whole of the campaign in Flanders, at the commencement of the revolutionary war, he obtained permission from the court of Vienna to be attached to the Austrian army in Germany, whither he repaired early in the year 1796.

The dispatches which he wrote in the months of September and October of that year, giving an account of the operations of the Archduke Charles, gained him the greatest credit. They are perfect models of military composition.

In 1799, General (then lieutenant-colonel) Anstruther was appointed deputy quarter-master general to the expedition sent against Holland. The very flattering manner in which his services were mentioned by the duke of York, shewed in what high estimation his military talents were held.

In 1801, he accompanied Sir Ralph Abercromby (whose friendship and confidence he enjoyed) in his ever-memorable expedition against Egypt, as adjutant-general. His exertions both during the period that our troops remained at Macri, in Asia Minor, and during the whole of the Egyptian campaign, will long be remembered by those who had an opportunity of witnessing them; and were mentioned in the public dispatches of Sir R. Abercromby and Lord Hutchinson, in no common terms of praise and approbation.

On General Anstruther's return to England, he was appointed deputy quarter-master general to the forces, and soon after to the important situation of adjutant-general in Ireland, which post he filled with peculiar advantage to the public service, and with the highest credit to himself.

The command of the brigade of light troops was entrusted to him in the late glorious expedition commanded by Sir A. Wellesley. General Anstruther's brilliant conduct at Vimeira is too recent to require any comment or praise from us; but we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of mentioning the manly answer given by him to one of Sir A. Wellesley's aides-du-camp, on his being told, that a corps not much engaged at the moment should be sent to his assistance,—"Sir, I am not pressed, and I want no assistance. I am beating the French, and am able to beat them wherever I meet them."

In the progress of the late disastrous and unfortunate campaign in North Spain, General Anstruther joined the British army at Toro.

The confidence reposed in this distinguished officer, by Sir John Moore, was strongly marked; he was consulted on many occasions. The soundness of his judgment was as often evinced as it was called for, and well entitled him to such distinction.

In the advance of Sir John Moore's army, with a view of attacking the corps under Marshal Soult, it is observable, that it was in the highest order, in the finest condition, and that the greatest discipline prevailed; but no sooner was it known that it was to retreat, than scenes of insubordination and disorder commenced, and obtained during the entire of the route to Corunna; the detail of which we cannot prevail upon ourselves to communicate; suffice it to say, that excess of every kind, riot, and the pillage of the inhabitants, form some of the principal features, though not perhaps the strongest or most marked, of this memorable retreat. Many of the men were lost, in consequence of drunkennesss, being in this helpless condition an easy prey to the ruthless pursuers; the greater part of such were doubtless led into captivity; but it was carefully circulated by the British officers, that they were put to death by the French; a report which operated as the best preventative to such shameful conduct, and in some degree checked it.

The stragglers in this flight amounted to 5000 men. At Betanzos they were known to be above 3000! All the villages in the line of march between Astorga and Benavente were deserted, the insubordination and indiscipline of the British troops were so seriously dreaded by the inhabitants. It is, however, but justice to state, that, generally speaking, the guards supported the incessant fatigue better than did the other regiments, and were the admiration of the whole army, both on the march, and during the action at Corunna on the 16th.

By those who are most conversant with the subject, it is generally estimated that the British loss upon this occasion amounted to between four and five thousand men, and five thousand horses; but it is not commonly known, though strongly indicative of this peculiarly heavy calamity, that above

300 women, who followed the British army, perished in the course of the march!!!

Generals Anstruther and E. Paget (under Sir John Moore) commanded the reserve, during the dreadful scenes which we have but slightly touched upon; but the duties of such a situation may be better conceived than expressed. The fatigue and anxiety to which the subject of this imperfect memoir was thus exposed, were incessant, and great in the extreme. He slept constantly in the open air, and underwent the same privations with the common soldier.

The immediate cause of his death was an inflammation of the lungs, brought on by excessive fatigue; he exerted himself to the last, and when unable to mount his horse, he said to those about him, "I am quite done up." He was put into a carriage, and conveyed to Corunna.

It was not until the arrival of the British reserve at Betanzos, that the danger in which General Anstruther was placed by the severity of his duties became apparent. Here, however, he was so ill, that he could hardly speak; he could scarcely say, "I am dying; send for a surgeon, and let me be bled." The next morning he felt somewhat better, but was still very ill. In this state he was obliged to mount his horse, and ride six Spanish leagues (24 miles) to Corunna. The next morning he was speechless and insensible, and died towards the close of the day!

Major Montalambert, and Captain Gordon (the general's aid-du-camp), attended his remains to the grave. They were the only two officers that could be spared to perform this sad and melancholy duty. The general was buried in one of the bastions of the citadel of Corunna, which overlooks the sea.

General Anstruther's military journal, his papers, and writing-desk, have been preserved by his old and faithful servant, Cameron, for Mrs. Anstruther. His journal must be invaluable.

General Anstruther was married to Miss Hamilton, granddaughter of Lady Anne Hamilton, and by whom he has left five children.

EMMA FERGUSON:

A TALE.

EMMA FERGUSON was the third daughter of a gentleman who had amassed an immense fortune, by some successful speculations in a mercantile concern. As his wealth increased, his pride also kept pace with it; and his most anxious desire was, to see his children settled in life in a manner

suitable to his own ambitious views. For this purpose he kept open house for the best company, and escorted his family to the most fashionable places of resort; Bath, Weymouth, Tunbridge, Brighton, and Margate, were visited in turn, but still no peer of the realm came forward to solicit the hand of a fair Ferguson.

At length Emma became the magnet of attraction to a handsome young Hibernian, who knowing well the predominant foible of the Fergusons, and ardently enamoured of the lovely girl, scrupled not to get introduced, and unhesitatingly asserted himself to be of noble blood. For a time Ferguson, won by his insinuating address and polished manners, admitted him to his family on the most friendly footing; and the young lovers foreseeing no obstacle to the completion of their happiness, indulged themselves in visionary prospects of felicity. But the scene was soon changed; accident discovered to the prudent father, that Hunterton was only a half-pay officer, considerably involved in pecuniary embarrassments, and not related to one noble family. This information soon occasioned the doors of Mr. Ferguson's house to be closed against the enamoured Hunterton, who, smarting under the disappointment, would have relinquished the pursuit, had not the fertile genius of his young dulcinea contrived a correspondence, in which she declared herself determined to fly into his arms.

Hunterton, though ardently attached to the impetuous girl, had enough of the man of the world in his composition, to oppose such a rash proceeding; yet to reject her advances, without causing her to doubt his affection, was rather a perplexing task. He, however, resolved on the experiment, and in a most impassioned letter, informed her of his exact situation, assuring her that his unwillingness to involve her in difficulties, was his only objection to the step she proposed. But Emma was not to be damped by the cold suggestions of prudence; opposition but increased her eagerness, and the romantic idea of eloping, and sharing the difficulties of her beloved Hunterton, was a fascinating idea, which was soon put in execution. The enraptured lover received his disinterested charmer with open arms; and although a father's heart was irrecoverably lost, Emma believed herself the happiest of her sex; and in a sweet little cottage, about seven miles from town, Mrs. Hunterton imagined herself an empress.

Time soon changed the scene; the hours of love flew rapidly; Emma was weary of retirement, and to oblige her, Hunterton removed to town; still he encouraged hopes that Ferguson would relent, and do something for his daughter, but in this he was greatly mistaken. He forgave his darling child, it is true; but hatred against the man who had weaned her from her duty, filled his breast with invcterate rancour.

Mrs.

Mrs. Hunterton, young, beautiful, and gay, without one solid principle to guide her, was the child of caprice; she was pleased with her husband's complaisance, and soon learnt the art of turning him which ever way she wished. Her extravagant propensities were not to be checked, even by the dread of approaching want; she still flattered herself that her father would come forward in any emergency; and the repeated disappointments, and consequent embarrassments, of Hunterton, occasioned some unpleasant scenes between them, which the irritable and impatient temper of Emma was ill calculated to bear. She no longer saw the passive lover, but the reproachful husband. Vanity and self-love took the alarm; she sought her too credulous mother, complained of ill treatment, and entreated permission to return home; but this was not to be granted.

Hunterton, enraged by her unkindness, no longer suffered passion to blind him to her faults; but she was about to become a mother, and that consideration alone restrained him from expressing all he felt. That event, which would have afforded rapture to some women, only added to the vexation of Emma; and she considered the helpless infant but as a fresh burden to tie her down from enjoying the pleasures of high life, for which her early habits had given her a propensity not to be subdued.

Hunterton discovered this with regret and indignation, and all the love he once felt for her changed to disgust, which he took no pains to conceal. Aggravation succeeded aggravation; and his creditors, at length wearied of his continual promises and evasions, made sure of their prey, by confining him in the King's Bench. To this place Emma obstinately refused to accompany him; and on application to her mother, the *penitent daughter* was again received into the bosom of her family.

Hunterton, with his deserted infant in his arms, took possession of his melancholy abode, while his wife, restored to affluence and splendour, has resumed her former gaiety, and forgets that she is a wife and mother; and wishes for his liberation only that she may appeal for a divorce, which will liberate her for ever from an object now as vehemently detested as he was once idolized.

Thus it is ever with those who suffer themselves to be guided by the influence of their passions, for progressive is the approach to vice; and the woman who, in the first stage of life, tramples on the rules of decorum and obedience, seldom fails, in subsequent trials, to violate every other sacred duty.

MADAME

MADAME CATALANI's SINGING.

MR. EDITOR,

I Am naturally, Sir, a girl of very animated spirits, of a disposition always gay, and therefore undoubtedly sometimes in want of a check. I have, moreover, a very good natural voice, and have hitherto been much admired in the narrow circle of our village. When my mother and sisters were at work they would desire me to sing, and in obeying them I would partly forget my own labour, and perhaps render their's the easier. When any party of friends, moreover, made us a friendly visit, one portion of their entertainment was to hear me sing. In this harmless amusement of myself and friends, and in the innocent satisfaction which resulted from the praises which I received, I was as happy as the day was long. This happiness, Sir, has now passed away.

About two months since an aunt whom I have at Bath invited my sister Kitty to come and pass a month with her. Kitty went, and has returned; and here, Sir, is the cause of all my uneasiness. There could not possibly be a more good natured girl than sister Kitty when she went to Bath; she had a good colour, good health, good humour, much affection for me, and a ready obedience for her parents; she was all open, candid, and natural, had nothing affected about her, and delighted as much as the others to hear me sing. How miserably changed is she since she left us; she talks about nothing but Catalani, and if I begin a song, tells me, and tells others, that if I were to hear Catalani I should never attempt to sing again. She passed the room the other day whilst I was singing her former favourite song,

"'Twas within a mile of Edinborough town,"

And I heard her say to my brother, who was with her, "Will that Phill never have done squalling?" If in the midst of my work I insensibly slip into a tune, she stops her ears without ceremony, and asks me crossly if I mean to murder her. She has got, moreover, several outlandish words, which she occasionally throws in my face to jeer me; the other night I happened to cough so as to drown my tune, when she clapped her hands, and cried, "Bravo! Encora!" Now, Sir, though these may seem trifles to you, it is not so to me or my family; it has much disquieted the harmless satisfaction which I used to feel at contributing so much to the pleasure of my father and mother; it has likewise much disturbed our general good temper and family union, for my mother has two or three times turned my sister out of the room, and my father always takes my part, and curses Catalani with some bitterness.

Now, Sir, as your Entertainer is taken in our family, I wish you briefly to inform my sister, that it is neither within the course of sense or manners to suffer her idle affectation to encroach on the peace of the family; and that it is not reasonable that every one should cease to sing, because they cannot sing as well as Catalani. There would soon be an end of all the variety in the world, and of the amusement of thousands, if the greater excellence of one in any art or accomplishment was necessarily to destroy all relish for a less degree of talent or ability in another. In London you have actors and actresses of all merit, and you very liberally hear them all, and give to each his due; Catalani cannot be every where, and is all amusement to cease in London because Catalani is in Bath?

A few words to this effect, in better language, and more like a sermon, would do much good to sister Kitty, for she has great good nature at heart when she is not possessed by Catalani and the spirit of affectation. Ah, Sir! if fathers and mothers could well understand what is the effect of a cursory visit to places of pleasure, like London and Bath, on young minds, they would not so easily give their consent to every foolish invitation which is given to their daughters. Sister Kitty sleeps with me; I will say nothing more at present, than that she is not the same girl that she was; she talks sometimes very strangely, and frequently instead of reminding me of my prayers, as she used to do, falls asleep, and forgets them herself. The other night when we had been out dancing, we both fell asleep without saying them; I awoke about two in the morning, and remembering the omission, waked my sister after much difficulty; she was in a dreadful passion, and absolutely beat me. Now, Sir, this is all Bath.

Your's,

PHILOMELA.

On BOCCACIO, *and his* DECAMERON.

BOCCACIO was born at a little village near Florence. His birth was obscure; and his father, in consequence of his poverty, sent him against his inclination to a merchant, to learn commerce; he remained with him some time, but having been to Paris with his master, and having seen there a little of the world, he soon became disgusted with his profession. The love of the belles-lettres made him so neglect all mercantile affairs, that the merchant sent him back to Florence. His father then, by the advice of his friends, made him study the law; but young Boccacio did not find his inclination lead him to that either; he quitted the bar for the study of polite literature and poetry. His genius unfolded itself, and he composed some

some tolerably good verses; but those of Petrarch, who flourished at that time, appeared to him so infinitely superior, that he resolved to burn his; preferring rather to make none, than to yield to another in that respect; it is true, that if we judge of his talent by the verses at the end of his Decameron, we shall not form a very advantageous idea of his poetry. However, he and Petrarch were great friends; for Petrarch constantly wore a ring on his finger, on which was the portrait of Boccacio; and the latter wore one, on which was the portrait of Petrarch.

Boccacio was handsome and well made; and his manners were charming. He was passionately fond of the women, as we may see by his works, and he was also much beloved by them; amongst others, by the natural daughter of the king of Naples, from whom it is said, he received the greatest favours, and who is so celebrated in his works under the name of Fiammetta.

The Decameron is his master-piece; this work is full of fine and delicate thoughts, his expressions are happy, and he gives an air of gallantry to all he says; but we cannot too much admire the purity of his style; the Italians, fastidious as they are on this point, still read it with pleasure; and they have hired readers, or professors, who explain it. It is to be wished we could judge as favourably of his morals; but in some parts he pushes libertinism too far. Unfortunately, if we were to take away these parts, we should take from Boccacio all his graces and his beauties. With respect to his judgment, that is a faculty he least excels in, for it very often fails him; he makes women, whom he calls virtuous, hold conversations which would be shameful in the most infamous places; at other times, he makes them speak as Epicureans, without considering who are the persons whom he introduces on the scene; and even his description of the plague of Florence, pathetic as it is, does not appear to be quite in its proper place.

POOR JEWRY LANE.

THE chief places in which the Jews originally dwelt before they were expelled the kingdom by Edward I. have been frequently mentioned. On their re-admission they fixed upon a new quarter of the town, which occasioned the name of Old Jewry to be given to the principal street of their former residence. In Cromwell's time they settled first in Poor Jewry-lane, nigh Aldgate, and still for the most part remain confined to its vicinity.

An ANECDOTE.

THE Greeks, having been victorious at Salamis, intended to have sailed to the Hellespont, and to destroy the bridge, that the king might not escape. Themistocles advised to the contrary; saying, "The king, being shut up, will speedily renew the fight; for desperation frequently achieves what fortitude cannot perform. He therefore sent, as a second ambassador, the eunuch Arsaces, to apprise him, "that if he did not immediately make his escape, the bridge of the Hellespont should be destroyed." The king, being alarmed, anticipated the Grecian army, passed over the bridge, and fled. Thus Themistocles secured the victory of the Athenians from any risk.

LORD-MAYORS *of* LONDON.

THE first lord-mayor who went by water to Westminster was John Norman, in 1453. There is a drawing of the show on the river in the Pepysian Library. Sir Gilbert Heathcote was the last who rode on horseback, in Queen Anne's time. Sir John Shaw was the first, in 1501. (See Lambarde's Dictionary, p. 173.) But Grafton says they rode before. Sir Humphrey Edwyn, who, in 1697, rode to a conventicle in his formalities, is immortalized in Swift's Tale of a Tub, and probably occasioned the proviso in the statute 5 G. 1. c. 4. which declares that any mayor, bailiff, or other magistrate, being present at any place of public worship, other than the church of England, in the peculiar habit of his office, or attended with the ensigns thereof, shall, on conviction, be adjudged incapable to bear any public office or employment whatsoever.—(See the British Topography, vol. 1. p. 675, 779, and Strutt's Manners of the English, &c.)

The expence and grandeur of the annual civic feast, on the 9th of November, have been gradually increasing for a considerable number of years past, particularly in the sumptuousness of the dinner.

A QUESTION, *by N. Lee, of St. Erth.*

GIVEN two numbers, the root of the lesser multiplied into the whole number of the greater = 2601, and the root of the greater multiplied into the whole number of the lesser = 1377. Quere those numbers?

Answer, by W. Kent, near Camelford, to R. Withall's Rebus, inserted March 6.

ADAR's the month your rebus shews,
Which is the twelfth amongst the Jews.

†*† We have received the like answer from W. Lawrence, of Plymouth; and H. Richards, jun. of Exmouth.

Answer, by W. Petherick, of St. Austell, to J. Saunders's Charade, inserted March 6.

THE FISH-HOOK, Sir, when us'd with care,
Doth oft the sporting fish ensnare.

☞ We have received the like answer from W. D. Champion, and H. B. of Bridgewater; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; J. Ball, and J. French, at Evershot school; T. Pearse, of Chard; W. Lawrence, and N. Gribbell, of Plymouth; J. Melhuish, of Honiton; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; J. W. of Charmouth; G. Pearse, of Bodmin; R. Sibley, of Roach; J. Colley, of St. German's; and W. Kent, near Camelford.

Answer, by H. B. of Bridgewater, to R. Lonsemore's Charade, inserted the 6th of March.

OFT on the HIGHWAY, Sir, a MAN's attack'd,
And of his property by robbers sack'd.

† Similar answers have been received from T. Pearse, of Chard; John Ball, and J. French, at Evershot school; W. C. Champion, of Bridgewater; John Colley, of St. German's; W. Kent, near Camelford; W. Petherick, of St. Austell; J. Melhuish, of Honiton; N. Gribbell, and W. Lawrence, of Plymouth; C. N. C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; J. Salter, of Broadhembury; and H. Richards, jun. of Exmouth.

A REBUS, *by J. French, at Evershot School.*

AN animal must first be found;
A liquid you will next expound;
A wife of Neptune pray behold;
An useful beast you'll last unfold:
The initials join'd, without mistake,
A loving bird they'll doubtless make.

A CHARADE, *by J. Treadwin.*

SAILING o'er the billowy ocean,
See yon vessel swiftly glide,
'Tis my first that gives it motion
O'er the green, translucent tide.

When the tar, from far returning,
To his cottage in the vale,
To my next, with ardour burning,
Oft he tells his amorous tale.

When to heave the ponderous anchor
To my whole the sailor springs;
No fell cares his bosom canker,
Health and peace his labour brings.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ON THE LATE UNCOMMONLY SEVERE WEATHER.

ENCHANTED by the beauties of the SPRING,*
A bard has lately touch'd his sweet-ton'd string
With notes melodious; and in joyful strains
Has hail'd her advent to our happy plains;
The thousand charms, which to her pow'r belong,
Flow'd in delightful numbers from his tongue;
While dreary winter, to her gentler hand,
Is said to yield the sceptre of command,
No longer now to regulate, nor more
Across the dismal waste to vent his roar.

But stung with envy, lo! with aspect stern,
Behold him on his ebon throne return;
With fiercer weapons charg'd he sallies forth
From the bleak regions of the chilling north;
Cold cutting winds his awful way precede,
Which howling fly across the verdant mead;
And clouds, full fraught with storms of hail or sleet,
In crowds attend obsequious at his feet;
With ruthless hand his fleecy robe he shakes,
And scatters all around his snowy flakes;
Imposes on the earth his frosty chain,
And snaps its adamantine lock again;
Each tender plant, just sprung from nature's birth,
Prostrate is laid along the gelid earth;
And blossoms, blown to life by spring's warm breath,
Are sunk into the icy arms of death;
The slender shrubs, and the more stately trees,
Replete with blooming germ and infant leaves,
Encumber'd with their snowy burdens, now
Like nodding plumes their lofty summits bow;
The beauteous tints which deck'd the enamell'd scene,
The infant daisies on yon deep-dy'd green,
These prospects, which so late produc'd delight,
In deep-fall'n snows are buried from our sight;
The humble beast, aloud in deepest moan,
His sorrow and necessities make known;
While feather'd songsters, chill'd with piercing cold,
No longer in the grove their station hold;
The blast tempestuous, from their quiv'ring tongue,
Has swept away the wild, enchanting song;
And dripping wet, all shivering and poor,
They seek a refuge at some friendly door,
Collect the crumbs which pity oft bestows,
And thus receive a solace for their woes.
All nature's works are check'd, while wintry gloom
His firm authority doth reassume:
How much unlike to spring's benignant sway!
Which rul'd with genial pow'r the other day.

Great

* Vide page 319.

Great God of Seasons! 'tis thy providence
That makes the wide, surprising difference;
And while thy hand deal's winter's stores below,
Submissive at thy footstool we would bow;
Nor dare that pow'r and wisdom to arraign,
Which heav'n's high arch and orbs unknown sustain;
Were fickle mortals once the helm to rule,
And elements be under their controul,
Destruction then, with banners high unfurl'd,
Would ride triumphant o'er the suffering world;
But glory be to thy unbounded skill,
That acts according to thy sov'reign will!

April 21, 1809. L. N.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The BREATHINGS *of* GRACE.

FAR from thee, Oh God! I wander,
Thoughtless of the way I roam;
Now accept the prayer I tender,
And conduct me to thy home.

Turn me to a place of safety,
Where I may securely rest;
Seek the fair, the heavenly city,
Live, and triumph with the blest.

Here I find no joy is lasting,
All is transient, light, and vain;
Vice the buds of pleasure blasting,
Leaves but shadows, thorns, and pain.

Oh! for strength to seek thy favour,
And to cast my robes aside;
Run to meet a coming Saviour;
In his love and grace confide.

May I find thy mercy given,
While I ask for peace below;
Taste the purer joys of Heaven,
And thy great salvation know!

Sure 'tis this alone would save me,
And my wandering steps restrain;
Rest confer, and bliss, and safety,
Lasting pleasure without pain.

Then, unfetter'd, should I serve thee,
'Till to other worlds I soar;
Taste the streams of endless mercy,
Bless, and praise thee, and adore.

Dock, Devon.

FEMALE TONGUE.

A Woman once, as it is sung,
Could speak so loud without a tongue,
That you could hear her full a mile hence:
A greater wonder I can tell,
I knew a woman very well,
That had a tongue, and yet kept silence!